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EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE PREMATURE BURIAL

RICHARD
CORBEN

ONE-
SHOT



WILL EISNER

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EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE PREMATURE BURIAL™

Adaptation and Art by
RICHARD CORBEN

Colors by
BETH CORBEN REED
with **RICHARD CORBEN**

Letters by
NATE PIEKOS of BLAMBOT®

Designer: Justin Couch. Editors: Scott Allie and Daniel Chabon. Publisher: Mike Richardson.

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HAVE SOME
WINE, MY
DEAR.

YOU ARE
WASTING YOUR
TIME, LUCIAN.



YOU WILL NOT BE SHARING
MY BED UNTIL **AFTER** WE
ARE MARRIED.

THAT IS
FINAL.



THE
GRAVEYARD
WAS THEIR
MEETING
PLACE.

NOW
IT WOULD
BE THEIR
PARTING
PLACE.



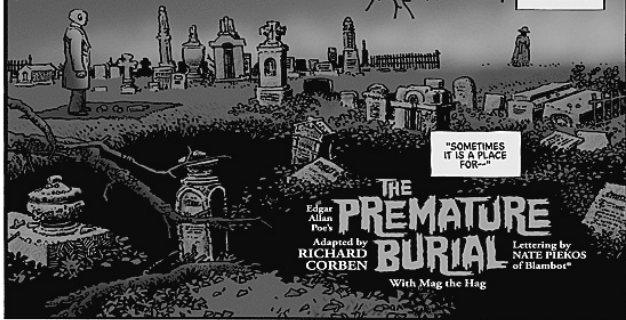
HUMPH!



IF YOU
CAN'T ACCEPT
THAT, I'LL FIND
SOMEONE WHO
CAN.

GOODBYE.

"THE
GRAVEYARD
IS A PLACE
FOR BURIALS.



"SOMETIMES
IT IS A PLACE
FOR—"

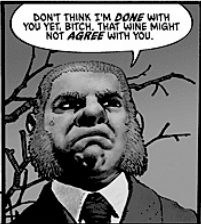
Edgar
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Poe's

Adapted by
**RICHARD
CORBEN**

THE PREMATURE BURIAL

Lettering by
**NATE PIEKOS
of Blambot™**

With Mag the Hag



DON'T THINK I'M *DONE* WITH YOU YET, BITCH. THAT WINE MIGHT NOT *AGREE* WITH YOU.



"SURE ENOUGH, VICTORIA GOT SICK, AND COLLAPSED. HER FRIENDS AND FAMILY BROUGHT HER BACK HERE, THIS IS 1840, *BEFORE EMBALMING*. SOMETIMES DOCTORS COULDN'T DETECT VERY FAINT SIGNS OF LIFE."



THEY HAD A NICE LITTLE CEREMONY AND LOWERED HER INTO THE GROUND.



"SOMEONE ELSE WAS THERE, WATCHING WITH GREAT INTEREST."



VICTORIA, MY DARLING, I COULDN'T SAY GOODBYE WITHOUT ONE LAST MEETING.



EEEEAAAAHHHHH!





ZEB, THIS
ONE TRIED TO
CLIMB *OUT* OF
HIS GRAVE!

NAH! THERE
WAS A *WOMAN*
BURIED HERE
YESTERDAY.



THE
DIGGERS
FETCHED THE
DOCTOR.
THE DOCTOR
PRONOUNCED
YOUNG
LUCIAN--



DEAD!



"DIRECTLY, ANOTHER
FUNERAL WAS HELD.



"STRANGELY, VICTORIA
ATTENDED. WAS SHE
THERE TO GLOAT?



"THAT NIGHT,
JACK AND ZEB
WERE DIGGING
AGAIN."

BURY 'EM,
DIG 'EM UP. BURY
'EM, DIG 'EM UP.
THAT'S ALL
WE DO.



WHAT
TH--

AAAAHHH!

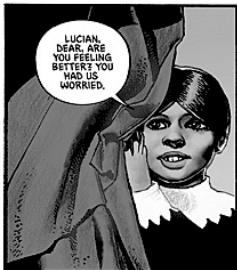
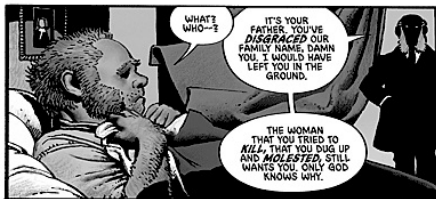


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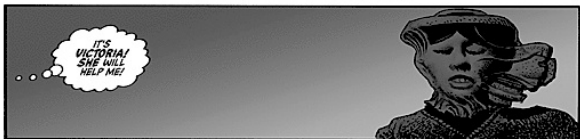
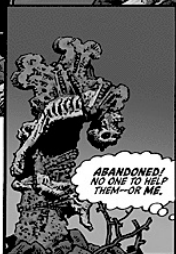
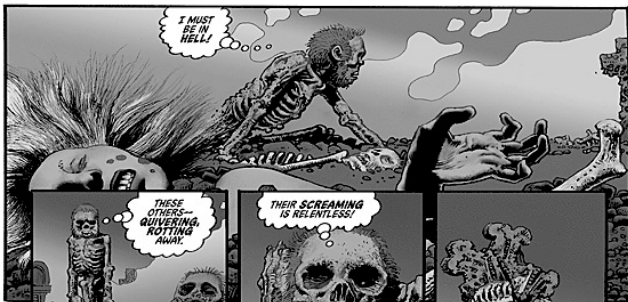


HOW'D SHE
KNOW--?

BEATS ME.
JUST PLAYIN' THE
ODDS. WE GET PAID
EITHER WAY.









YAAAUGH!



YAAAAAUGH!



HEY!
STOP THAT
YELLING!



HELP ME,
PLEASE!

COME
OUT OF
THERE!



WHAT'S YER
PROBLEM,
MATE?

OOH, I
REMEMBER--



THIS IS NOT
A COFFIN. IT'S
A BOAT!



OH THANK GOD! I... I
WAS HUNTING IN THE
WOODS--AND GOT
CAUGHT IN A STORM!
YOUR BOAT WAS DOCKED
IN THE RIVER. YOU GAVE
ME SHELTER, CAPTAIN.



DID I?



THERE WAS A
MUFFLED, WHISPERING
MOAN THAT WENT
UNHEARD IN THIS LONELY
GRAVEYARD. IT WENT ON
SPORADICALLY FOR
SEVERAL DAYS, GETTING
EVER WEAKER. THEN...
IT STOPPED.

THE
END

YAAA!





MONTRESOR,
WHERE ARE YOU
TAKING ME? IT'S
SO DARK AND
DAMP DOWN
HERE...

I KNOW YOUR
HUSBAND HAS BEEN
MISSING FOR MANY
YEARS, MADAM FORTUNATO,
BUT I THINK I CAN SHOW
YOU SOMETHING THAT
MIGHT SHED SOME
LIGHT ON THE
MYSTERY.

THE VAULTS
OF THE MONTRESORS
HAVE LAIN QUIETLY FOR
NEARLY HALF A CENTURY.
NOW THE RESTING DEAD
ARE DISTURBED BY THE
ECHOING FOOTSTEPS OF
TWO VISITORS...

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S

THE CASK OF AMONTILLADO

ADAPTED BY RICHARD CORBEN / LETTERING BY NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT® / FEATURING MAG THE HAG

WHAT? IT JUST
LOOKS LIKE THE
REST OF YOUR
OSSUARY
BASEMENT.

PATIENCE,
DEAR AMELIA.
I WILL TELL
YOU WHAT
HAPPENED.

AH, HERE IT IS. THIS SMALL PIPE
OF WINE IS AT THE ROOT OF THE
STORY. WE WILL HAVE A DRINK
TOGETHER AS I TELL YOU.

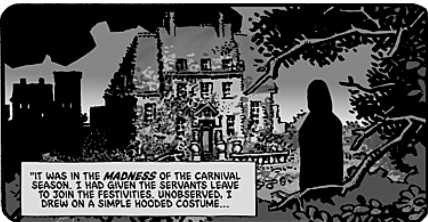
JOIN ME,
DEAR.

NO THANK
YOU, NONE
FOR ME.

IT'S STILL CLEAR
AND OF BEAUTIFUL
COLOR IN THE
FIRELIGHT...



...AFTER
ALL THESE
YEARS...



"IT WAS IN THE *MADNESS* OF THE CARNIVAL SEASON, I HAD GIVEN THE SERVANTS LEAVE TO JOIN THE FESTIVITIES. UNOBSERVED, I DREW ON A SIMPLE HOODED COSTUME...



"...AND PROCEEDED THROUGH BACK ALLEYS AND ANCIENT BUILDINGS.



"BY A *CIRCUITOUS* ROUTE I APPROACHED THE PLAZA.



"AN *UNKNOWN* FIGURE, I JOINED THE CROWD.



"IT WAS EASY TO FIND YOUR HUSBAND, MY GOOD FRIEND FORTUNATO.











THESE
VAULTS ARE
EXTENSIVE...

THE
MONTRESORS
WERE A GREAT
AND NUMEROUS
FAMILY.



HAUGH!



WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



IT IS THE
SIGN OF THE
MASON!

AREN'T
YOU A
MASON?



YES, I AM
A MASON!

OH REALLY?
THEN SHOW ME
THE SIGN!



VERY
FUNNY.



WHERE IS
THIS FAMOUS
WINE YOU HAVE?
I DON'T THINK
YOU HAVE ANY
WINE!

IT IS
THERE.
IN THAT
NICHE.

WHERE?

JUST
IN HERE.
STEP IN.

IT'S TOO
DARK TO
SEE!

STEP FORWARD,
FORTUNATO!

OOF!
IT'S A
WALL!



BUT
BEFORE
I GO--

--LET ME
FIX THIS UP
A BIT.

B-BUT,
MONTRESOR...THE
AMONTILLADO...

!

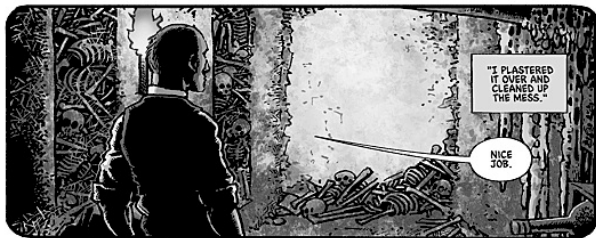
OH YES, THE
AMONTILLADO!
HA HA HA!

KOFF!
KOFF!

AAAUGH!!
HELP! HELP!
SOMEBODY--
PLEASE!

KOFF!
KOFF!









DON'T WORRY,
MRS. FORTUNATO.
I MERELY BROUGHT
YOU HERE TO LISTEN
TO MY STORY.



HOW YOUR
HUSBAND DID...
SOMETHING.
INSULTED ME.



AND NOW I
PUNISHED HIM,
AND *GOT AWAY*
WITH IT!



YOU *WON'T*
GET AWAY
WITH IT!

GO AHEAD--
I WON'T
STOP YOU.

TELL YOUR
FRIENDS. TELL
YOUR FAMILY. TELL
THE *POLIZIA*.



I'VE ALREADY
RECEIVED
MY *DEATH*
SENTENCE
FROM A HIGHER
AUTHORITY. I'VE
DECIDED NOT TO
WAIT FOR THE
ILLNESS... A
DOSE OF
MORPHINE,
AND I'M
GONE!



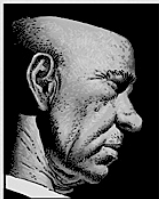
I'LL SPEND MY LAST
MOMENTS DOWN HERE...
IN THE DARK... DRINKING
AMONTILLADO WITH
MY *BEST FRIEND*...
FORTUNATO.



IN PACE
*REQUIESCAT!**

*REST IN
PEACE!

**THE
END**

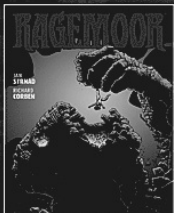


Richard Corben was born in Missouri and grew up in Sunflower, Kansas, and he's been drawing all of his life. After art school, Corben started drawing underground comix and fanzines. About this time Warren Publishing Company began a series of black-and-white horror comics: *Creepy*, *Eerie*, and *Vampirella*. They were a perfect match for Corben's interests, and he drew several stories for *Creepy*; unfortunately, none of them were accepted. But he persevered, and James Warren, with his editor Bill DuBay, started sending Richard scripts to draw. With the spread of underground comix, requests to reprint Corben's underground features began to appear. His fantasy character Den from *Grim Wit* went on to the French *Métal Hurlant*, then back to the American *Heavy Metal*. Corben then started Fantagor, a publishing company mainly devoted to publishing his comics, while continuing to draw for other American comics publishers—DC, Marvel, Dark Horse, and others. Richard Corben was inducted into the Will Eisner Awards Hall of Fame at San Diego Comic-Con International in July 2012.

the unique genius of

RICHARD CORBEN

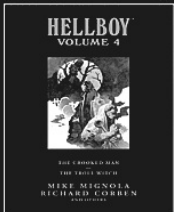
"Richard Corben stands among us like an extraterrestrial peak. He has sat in his throne for a long time, above the moving and multi-colored field of world comics, like an effigy of the leader, a strange monolith, a sublime visitor, a solitary enigma." —Moebius



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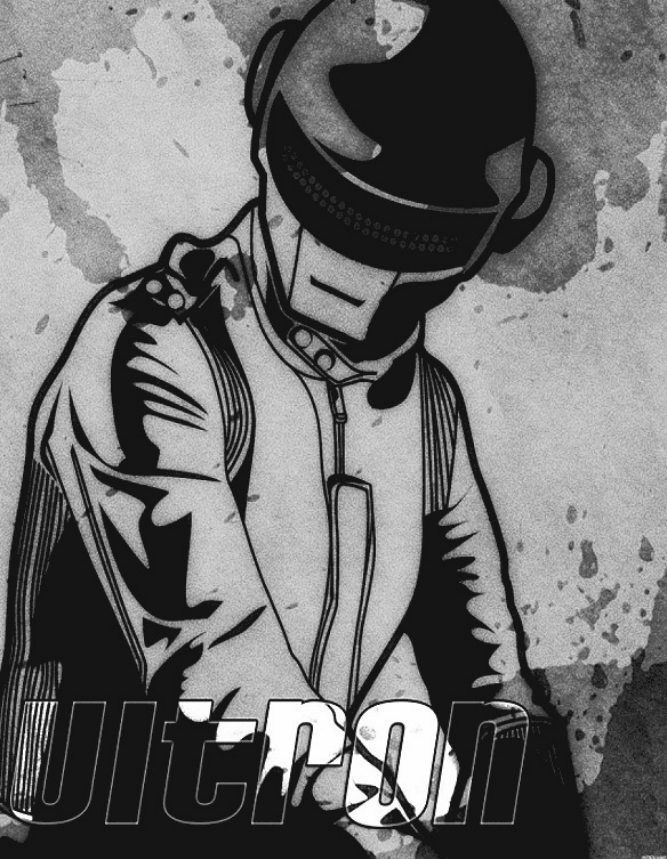
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SON OF



ULTRAMAN